

## Jealousy

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> <meta name="Generator"> "It is admirable that you are able to do so despite the inherent difficulties in the relationship, Lieutenant Torres

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"It is admirable that you are able to do so despite the inherent difficulties in the relationship, Lieutenant Torres." As usual Seven was sitting ramrod straight, which in her skin-tight 'uniform,' simply served to push certain appendages forward. She, the captain, and the lieutenant had been having a conversation about the current relationships blooming about the ship. Harry and Tom were near by, having their own conversation, completely oblivious to everyone else. When B'lanna had used her own relationship of the moment as an example, Seven had been quick to compliment the volatile engineer as the Doctor had suggested. He had specifically told her that compliments were 'the fastest way to a friend' and recommended she use the tactic to gain favor with Torres. However the reaction wasn't quite what she had expected.

Instead of being thanked for the compliment, Torres pushed to her feet, glowering, with hands tightening into fists. "Admirable huh? Well, not everyone was born with enhancements like yours" B'lanna snarled looking pointedly at Seven's somewhat oversized chest. "Most of us have to get creative to keep the attention of ourâ€| (there was a slight pause as B'lanna glanced sideways at the captain)â€|partners."

Seven regarded her calmly, if a little confused. "Lieutenant, I was merely stating my admiration and amazement that you are able to keep the attention of two young, handsome, and popular men. I did not mean any offense."

B'lanna was far from mollified. She thrust an accusing finger at the ex-borg drone. "You just don't think I'm woman enough, do you. I'll show you." Turning she bellowed at the boys next to them, "Tom, Harry stop that. We're leaving."

Tom jumped guiltily out of Harry's lap, his lips red and slightly bruised. "Where to B'lanna?" As subtly as possible, Tom tugged on the ensign's arm, trying to get him to stand up as well. It took Harry, who was in a Paris inspired haze of lust, a moment to realize it was time to go. Sheepishly he stood next to Tom.

"We're going home." With that, she turned and stalked out of the mess hall. Tom and Harry hurried to follow her.

"You hid the handcuffs, right Har?"

"Uhhh."

"Ah man. Fine, you're going first then," Tom told Harry as the doors to the mess hall shut behind them.

Seven turned to the captain. "I do not understand. You told me that my 'enhancements' would make me friends among the crew, yet all I have encountered is jealousy from the female members of the crew."

The captain regarded her seriously for a second. "I like you, and I am the captain of this crew, am I not?" When Seven cautiously nodded, she continued. "Then who else's admiration do you need? Having the captain of a starship in your fan club isn't enough for you?"

"You are correct Captain. Stated like that, there is no problem."

The captain smiled ferally. "Good, because, unlike B'lanna, I hate to share." With that, she snaked an arm around Seven's waist and pulled her possessively closer to her side.

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